



CHILDREN'S BOOK  
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LOS ANGELES









*They have a great acility in climbing  
& descending the frightful precipices' &c.*

*See page 57.*

**LUCY,**

OR

**THE LITTLE ENQUIRER:**

BEING

**THE CONVERSATION OF A MOTHER**

WITH HER

**INFANT DAUGHTER.**

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FOURTH EDITION.

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## LUCY, &c.

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“IF Lucy is a very good girl, I believe her papa intends giving her, and her brothers and sisters, a great treat this afternoon.”

“Oh! mamma, what is it?”

“Cannot Lucy find out?”

“No, mamma; will you not tell me? I want to know so much.”

“Well, if Lucy will try to do as she is bid, mamma will tell her.”

“Yes, indeed I will.”

“I hope, my dear, you will endeavour; but you must not be too sure, as little girls very often forget

their good resolutions; yet as I hope you will not, I shall tell you. You are going with papa, and me, and your aunts, to eat strawberries at gardener Brown's."

"I am so glad, mamma; there is John with the chaise come for us. I am so glad."

Lucy was lifted into the chaise, (for she was quite a little girl, only four years old,) and went with the rest of the party to eat strawberries; and behaved so very well, minding all that was said to her, and not asking for more than was given her, that her mamma and papa told her she deserved to go out another time; therefore, whenever they could take her again, they did not intend to forget her.

The next morning, Lucy came to her mamma to say her lessons ; for she had just learnt to read and work, and to count a little. Her mamma did not keep her very long at one time, yet she learnt prettily for her age. This was a very warm day, Lucy had read her task, and then she began to work.

“ Now Lucy must be a good girl, and take very neat stitches.”

“ But, mamma, it is so hot.—I do not like to be so hot : will not washing me make me cooler ?”

“ No, my dear, you must be a good girl and sit still, and that is the best way of bearing the heat ; which, though sometimes not

agreeable to us, is of great use, to ripen the corn and the fruit."

"But when I have done my work, may I go and show it to nurse, and ask her if her little girl can work as well as I?"

Lucy soon finished her work and ran to show it in the nursery; then she folded it up, and put it, with her thimble, into the work-bag, and went to play, as happily as most little girls do, who have done their lessons as they ought to do.

When Lucy was at play in the garden, she often ran to the parlour-windows to talk to her mamma. Sometimes her mamma was busy, and desired her to go and play again; but sometimes, when she was not engaged, she liked to have

Lucy, and her brothers and sisters, in the parlour with her.

One day Lucy came running in with a face of sorrow:—"Dear mamma, I have lost my doll's frock, and my cradle quilt: I took them into the garden, and I cannot find them."

"But how came Lucy to take them out of doors?"

"Oh! they were in my doll's trunk, and I carried it in Alfred's cart, and left it under the walnut-trees. They were quite clean; for Betty had washed them for me. I am so sorry I cannot find them."

"Perhaps Lucy will find them; but it was not proper to take doll's clothes, and leave them in the garden."

Lucy went to look for them, and soon found them; then she came to tell her mamma, who asked her what she was going to do.

“ I should like to make a feast, if you will let me. Yesterday, when you were out, nurse gave us some currants, and some peas, and some gooseberries, and we were all so good—quite good, nurse said, and played all day; but it rained very hard, very hard indeed, once. Did it not wet you, mamma? I was very glad, it watered my plants that you gave me, so nicely. We were obliged to go in doors, and then I played with my doll, and Frederick was such a good boy, he did not cry at all. He played with me, and we

were so happy ; but I did not see you, mamma, before I went to bed. I went to bed, and you were not come home. Why did not papa come home?"

"He is gone out for a few days, my dear ; but I hope he will soon come back again, for I think we shall be very dull without him. Does not Lucy think so?"

Lucy's papa did not stay long from home. When Lucy saw the post-chaise in which he returned, she was very much pleased, and, with her brothers and sisters, ran to kiss him : at least all those who could run ; but the two youngest were not old enough to join the party in showing their joy at their papa's coming home again. Little

William was quite a baby, and Lucy was very fond of him, and often played with him ; for though he was a baby, he had begun to take notice, and knew Lucy, when she jumped and danced to please him ; and when he left off his long clothes, and had short frocks and a little pair of red shoes, Lucy was very glad, because she thought he would soon learn to run about with her, and to talk to her. But her mamma told her it would be a long time before he could say such words to her as she could understand, though he often made a noise when she played with him, and tried to show his pleasure.

Lucy's mamma and papa lived in the country, that is, where there



are trees and fields, and houses only here and there; not close together, as they are in a town. It was much better than living in a town, because Lucy and her sisters could run about in fine weather, and see all the pretty flowers, and butterflies, and birds. She was very fond of them all; but sometimes she was sorry that the birds eat so much of the fruit. She told her mamma, that she should like the birds to have some fruit, but not all; and her mamma said, "I am glad my little Lucy is willing to give the pretty birds some fruit. Does not Lucy enjoy to hear them sing: sometimes they sing so sweetly?"

"Yes, mamma; but it is very unkind in them to eat all the

gooseberries and currants. I think they might leave me some. Will they eat the apples too, and the pears and plums?"

"They peck them, my dear, with their bills; they will not be able to eat the apples and pears whole, as they do the currants; but they will sometimes take a little piece from the ripest part."

"Well, I shall not mind that, if they do not take all; but it is very unkind indeed, mamma, to take all. Now the gooseberries and currants are all gone, and we cannot make any more feasts till the apples are ripe: then we may, mamma, may'nt we? as you say the birds will not eat them all. I like to give them some, because I love that



## *The Happy Family.*

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pretty Robin which always hops about when we go into the shrubbery. Nurse very nearly caught it, but it hopped away before she could get up to it."

"I believe, Lucy, it was a young Robin: he had scarcely got all his feathers; at least he had not got the red feathers which Robins have on their breasts, and from which they are often called Robin red-breasts; but these red feathers do not come when they are first fledged."

"What is *fledged*, mamma?"

"When the little birds are first hatched, that is, when they come out of the small egg which the mother-bird lays in the nest, the

have hardly any feathers, and what few they have are so small, that they look like down; but when this down increases and becomes stronger, we begin to see the feathers; and when they are covered with feathers, we call them fledged."

"But, mamma, what do the little birds eat, when they are in the nest? they cannot fly about then, and eat the gooseberries and currants."

"No, my dear, the young birds have left their nests before the gooseberries and currants are ripe. Most small birds are hatched in spring; and, you know, spring comes before summer, and gooseberries and currants are not ripe till summer; but

the old birds fly about and take food to the little birds, whilst they are in the nests. Different kinds of birds eat different kinds of food; some eat fruit and seeds, some eat insects and caterpillars, and some large birds eat little birds. The hawk is a large bird, and has a very bright eye. He can see a great way off: when he sees any little bird, or other food that he wants to take, he hovers, or flies over it, a long time, and then darts down upon it in a moment, and flies away with it. A few evenings ago, papa and I were walking on the grass-plot, and we saw a hawk at a small distance. We watched it a long time, but all on

a sudden he darted down, and we could not see him again."

"Did he see a little bird, that he wanted to eat? Oh dear, I am sorry for that. Poor little bird, I think it was very unkind of the hawk: do not you think so, mamma?—more unkind than when the birds eat the gooseberries and currants. I would rather give them some fruit, than let them be so very cruel. Do you know, mamma, a nice bird came into the nursery the other morning; what bird was it, mamma?"

"I cannot tell, Lucy, I was not there. Perhaps it was a Robin, for they are often tame; and in winter, when they can find nothing about the fields and hedges to eat, they



come into houses, if the windows or doors are left open."

"But what do they come for? there is no fruit for them there, mamma."

"No, my dear, but they will pick up crumbs of bread and cheese, if there happen to be any."

"Ah, I remember, nurse said that the little bird came to get some of the crumbs; for Frederick very often drops crumbs when he has his breakfast, and the bird went under the table, and nurse got up; for we were all having our breakfast. But we were very still when nurse got up, and she caught it; and I remember now, nurse said it was a sparrow. But a sparrow is

not such a pretty bird as a Robin ; a Robin is my favourite bird. Mamma, do not you like a Robin best ?”

“ I think a Robin a sweet bird, my dear ; but I prefer the song of the nightingale to any other. The nightingale sings of an evening, when Lucy is gone to bed and fast asleep. Sometimes, when you are all gone to bed, I walk in the garden and listen to the nightingales. On a fine summer’s evening, we can often hear a great many nightingales, singing amongst the distant trees.”

“ I should like to hear them, mamma.”

“ Yes, my dear, when you are as old as Louisa, you shall hear the

nightingales ; but as you are now only a little girl, you must go to bed before they begin to sing."

" I have not told you, mamma, about our walk last night. I can talk to you about birds another time ; but now will you let me tell you where we went ? We all went, Louisa, Frederick, and little William, and all my brothers ; I mean the great boys, when they came from school ; but not George, for George is not at home, you know, so he could not go with us."

" And where did you go."

" Why, mamma, we walked to the town ; and only think, nurse went to the toy-shop, and I saw so many pretty things, I should like to have them, mamma."

“ I am afraid Lucy wanted all she saw.”

“ No, mamma, not all ; but I should like to have the doll’s kettle, and the chairs, and a duck in a box : and I saw such a pretty doll’s hat in another shop window, I wished for that so much, and nurse would not get it for me ; so I was ready to cry, but I did not quite cry.”

“ No, I hope not, my dear. Does Lucy recollect, that I have often told her that little girls and boys are never to have what they cry for?”

“ I did think of that, mainma, and so I did not quite cry ; but I should have cried, only I remembered, that if I cried I should not have it. So nurse told me, as I did

not cry, she would ask you to buy it for me. Will you, mamma? I should like it so much, and Louisa says it will fit my great doll. It is a brown hat; just such a hat as you bought for little William; only it is not so large a one, but I mean, mamma, the same kind of hat."

"I think I must speak to nurse about it, and if I hear that Lucy really has been a good girl, perhaps I may buy it for her; but she must take care of it, and not leave it about and have it spoiled, as I shall not buy another, if that is lost and spoiled from want of care. Little girls must learn to be neat, and careful of their doll's things, and then, as they grow older, they will

be able to take care of their own clothes."

"I will try, mamma; for though I was frightened about my doll's quilt, when I left it under the walnut-trees, I forgot it again; and I left in the garden my doll's muslin cloak, bound with pink ribbon, which Louisa made for me. I did not think of it, when we came in to have our suppers, so it was out of doors all night, and it rained and spoiled the cloak. Louisa says she cannot make me any more, as I was so careless; but I shall not forget now, mamma. I know I shall take care of that pretty doll's hat."

"I hope you will, my dear, as you have already been punished for carelessness by your doll's cloak."

being spoiled ; therefore I shall not say any thing more about it. But you have not told me where you went to besides the toy-shop."

"I do not know, mamma : sister Louisa can tell you ; but as we came home, we met a great many poor women, and girls, and children ; and some had their aprons full, and some had great bundles on their heads ; and they were full of corn. One poor woman was very ill ; she said she was so tired, and had walked so far. Louisa told me they had been gleaning corn, to make bread with. I was so sorry for that poor woman, mamma ; why did she go so far, and tire herself?"

"Because, my dear, she was very

poor, and could not afford to buy bread at the baker's, therefore she was glad to go into the fields, after the farmer has carried away the corn, and pick up the ears of corn that are dropped about. It is exceedingly hard work to stoop all day long, and mostly in very hot weather: (as it is in the hottest part of summer that they cut the corn :) and sometimes they walk a great many miles before they find a field that they may go into, as the farmers will not let them go in till they begin to carry the corn away from the field."

" You have made me some new frocks, mamma : now I have been thinking, I should like to give my old frocks to that poor woman







*The Gleaners returning home.*

who was so tired. Do you think she has a little girl to wear them? Would not she be pleased, mamma?"

"Yes my dear, I suppose she would; but how can you find out where she lives?"

"Oh, she was sitting in a field, just by the path: it is a very little way off. I can run and see for her."

"But, Lucy, you do not consider that it was last night when you saw the poor woman, and I hope, when she got a little better, that she was able to go home to her family. I am glad to see my dear Lucy wish to do a kindness to the poor woman, but I think she

would not find her in the field if she were to go; and if she does not know where the woman lives, she cannot give her frock to her. I intend to lay the old frocks up, till Lucy finds some poor little girl who wants a frock; and if Lucy is good, I shall let her have the pleasure of giving them away. But as there are several, perhaps it will be best not to give them all to one little girl, but to divide them, and give some to one little girl, and some to another."

"I should like that, mamma. Might I give some to the gardener's little Mary? I am sure she would like to have one of my frocks. Then there are some more little girls, that live at the corner of the

lane, by the common: they open the gate when we ride past there in the chaise, and they always look so pleased when papa throws them a halfpenny: they all try to get it. Are they very poor, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear, I believe they are. There are a great many children, and they have only what their father works hard for, to buy them food. It is seldom that they can buy any clothes: but as they are industrious, and do all they can for their children, they sometimes meet with friends to assist them."

"May I always give away my old clothes? I should like it very much."

"That must depend upon your

behaviour, Lucy. When you are good, I have a great deal of pleasure in permitting you to do what is agreeable to you. I think Lucy had a great treat indeed, when she went to the sea-side last week."

"Oh yes, mamma, I am always so glad when papa talks of that. I wish we could live there."

"I think, my dear girl, you would soon be tired. Little boys and girls are too apt to be fond of what is new; and though the sea is a grand sight, and very pleasant for a short time, yet it is so much alike, that I believe you would want to return to your own garden, which gives you and George so much delight."

"But, mamma, we could plant

a garden on that nice sand, where I picked up the stones, and the sea-weeds, and the shells, and star-fish, and such a number of things. I brought them all home in my basket; and George, and Louisa, and Alfred, they all filled their baskets."

"I do not wonder that you were pleased, my dear; but you mistake in supposing that a garden would grow on the sand. Do not you remember that the water washed over the sand? and had you not run very fast, it would have wetted you."

"Why, mamma, it did wet my aunt. She was looking another way, and her shoes were wet

through. It looks like soap-suds : do not you think so, mamma ?”

“ That is the foam, caused by the dashing of the waves.”

“ There was one very beautiful plant, mamma, that grew on the sand.”

“ Yes, my dear, it was the eringo, the root of which is boiled with sugar, and often given when people have coughs ; but that grew beyond where the tide flows, and even there the soil is almost all sand. The eringo has a very long root, something like a carrot, only a great deal longer. There was another very beautiful flower, which I admire more than most of our English flowers : it is the horned poppy. Did not Lucy see it,



just under the cliff. The blossom is bright yellow, "about twice as big as the dog-rose."

"The dog-rose is very pretty, mamma; but the periwinkles, they are blue, you know; and the prim-roses, how pretty they were, on that bank in the back lane. But the weather was much colder then, and we could not take such long walks after tea; and now we can take long walks, and I cannot find either the periwinkles or prim-roses."

"No, my dear, because they bloom in spring; and spring is gone, and now it is summer. Autumn will soon be here, and then winter; and after that spring will come again."

“ Shall I see the periwinkles and primroses again.”

“ Yes, my dear, if you look for them.”

“ Oh, then, I will get some and plant in my garden; that will make it look so beautiful.”

“ You must ask your brothers to take a few roots up before they begin to flower, and perhaps, if you keep them watered, they will take root and bloom better the next year.”

“ But I shall want to see the flowers directly.”

“ Lucy, we cannot have all we want. Little girls must have patience, as well as men and women.”

“ We are going to-night to take

a walk: will you like we should, mamma?"

"I have no objection, my dear, if it does not rain: the clouds look heavy, and I am rather fearful it will."

Lucy and her brothers and sister were not easily discouraged by the appearance of rain, and more so, as the sun shone between the clouds: so they persuaded nurse to go with them, and soon found that it would have been better to have waited till the weather had been more settled; for they had not gone far, before it began to rain very fast, and they were all glad to run home again. Just as they got into the house, they had the pleasure of seeing a very beau-

tiful rainbow, which Lucy did not remember ever to have observed before. Her mamma hearing them come in, and fearing they might be wet, had just gone into the nursery to enquire after them, when Lucy told her how pleased she was with the rain-bow, and wanted to know what produced such beautiful colours in the sky. Her mamma informed her, that it arose from the sun shining while it rained, when there was a cloud opposite to the sun; and that, as the sun became obscured by another cloud, the appearance would gradually cease.

“But what is *obscured*, mamma?” said Lucy.

“It is, my dear, when any object

is darkened, or prevented from being seen, by another object coming before it."

"But I wish that cloud had not obscured the sun, as I should have liked very much to have seen those beautiful colours a great while longer. Are rainbows often seen, mamma?"

"Yes, very often in showery weather. Do not you remember, Lucy, hearing George read the story of every body being drowned by a flood of water, except Noah and his family, whom God preserved because they were good."

"Yes, mamma, I do recollect that."

"Well, then, after Noah came out of the ark, and returned thanks

to God for saving him and his family, God promised him never to drown every body again, and told him he would cause a rainbow, to remind him of his promise to mankind."

"How glad I shall be, mamma, when I begin the Scripture History as well as George; for I like very much to hear about it.—Mamma, George says he is going again to stay at his aunt's. Is he? I do not like he should go."

"Why! do you not like that poor George shall receive pleasure, my dear?"

"I love George dearly, but I like him to play with me. I shall have nobody to play with when he is gone."



*The Beautiful Rainbow*





“Yes, Lucy, I think you have a great many more to play with you.”

“I know that, mamma; but George is so kind to me. When will he come back again?”

“In a few days, I hope, my dear.”

“I hope so too, mamma; then I shall be so happy again. George has just learnt to skip: he can skip so nicely, mamma, and I am going to learn; but I do not think I shall ever be able to skip.”

“Yes, you will, my dear, if you take pains; but nothing can be done without trying over and over again; and if you have patience, you will learn to skip as well as

George. He was a long while before he could go on without stopping every time the rope went round; but now he can skip on a long time without stopping, and I think Lucy will, if she have patience."

"Well, mamma, I will try every day, and if I can learn, I shall enjoy so much to skip with George and sister Louisa, on the grass-plat."

"I think, Lucy, it will be nice exercise for you, when winter comes, and the weather is such that you cannot run out of doors: it will make you much warmer than sitting by the fire."

"But you said, mamma, that when winter came, and the evenings were long, you would read to

us, and tell us entertaining stories. I shall like that still better than skipping."

"You may hear that too, Lucy. I cannot read to you all day, neither can you skip all day; so you may sometimes hear me read, and sometimes skip."

"Mamma, I often think of that tiger you told me of the other day. I thought tigers were very fierce indeed, and would eat people up, if they were let loose."

"So they would, my dear; but the tiger I mentioned to you was only a month old, and was suckled by a goat, and for a time appeared quite tame, and played about like a cat; but I should suppose, as he grew

older and gained his strength, he would become fierce, and render it necessary for him to be confined."

"What a beautiful tiger that was, mamma, we saw in the collection of wild beasts you were so kind as to let us see."

"Yes, Lucy, he was extremely beautiful; but I am glad we do not live in a country where tigers are found: I should be afraid to go out of doors."

"What! do tigers run about in some countries, mamma? I thought they were kept in large iron cages, and not allowed to run about. Do not they eat every body they meet with?"

"Yes, they would if they could get at them; but they generally

inhabit woods, and parts of the country where there are few people, and those who live near them are careful not to go where they are likely to come. In Egypt, where crocodiles are found, the tiger often meets with a serious enemy. Whilst he is drinking, the crocodile comes out of the water and seizes him, when, to defend himself, the tiger thrusts his terrible claws into the crocodile's eyes. But the crocodile does not let go his hold : he plunges into the water with the tiger. Frequently they destroy each other ; but more often the crocodile drowns the tiger, by which means he can devour his body at his leisure."

“What are crocodiles, mamma?”

“A crocodile is a large animal which lives chiefly in the water, but not entirely, and therefore is called an amphibious animal. It is similar in shape to a lizard; but a lizard, you know, Lucy, is not many inches long: a crocodile is many yards long. I have heard of one which was caught, that was six yards long. The hinder legs are longer than the fore legs: there are four toes on each hind leg, and five on the fore legs: the teeth are extremely sharp, which enables it to tear its prey. The colour of the body is a dark brown on the back, but underneath it is of a whitish citron colour.

“Does the crocodile often come out of the water, mamma?”

“The female lays her eggs in the sand: she covers them up and leaves them to be hatched by the heat of the sun; and, except she leaves the water for that purpose, or that they come on shore to seek for food, they do not often leave the water.”

“But how can the sun be hot enough to hatch the eggs, mamma?”

“In Egypt, and the countries where crocodiles are found, the sun is much hotter than in England.”

“Do crocodiles lay a great many eggs?”

“Yes, my dear; the crocodile, after scratching a large hole in the

sand, lays perhaps an hundred eggs, and carefully covers them up: returning to the river, she comes out again the next day, and uncovering the hole, lays some more; and sometimes does the same a third time. But she is always very careful to choose a place where she thinks herself secure from being watched. In about thirty days the eggs are hatched; she goes to them, scratches away the sand, and shows the young crocodiles the way into the water, carrying some on her back; and if God had not kindly ordered that the chief part are soon devoured by old crocodiles, the country would be over-run by these dreadful animals. Notwithstanding all her care, the vulture,



which is a very large, fierce bird, carefully watches where the crocodile lays her eggs; and as soon as she has left the place, several vultures sometimes fly to the spot, tear up the eggs, and devour them. If they do not perceive where the eggs were laid, they will yet destroy many crocodiles, as they dart upon the young as the mother is conveying them to the water, and take numbers away in their talons."

"How much I do like to hear about crocodiles and tigers, mamma. Cannot you tell me now something about the goat that suckled the tiger?"

"No, my dear, I cannot tell you any thing more about that goat, as I read it in the Life of Sir William

Jones, and he does not mention any thing more about the goat, but that she had suckled the young tiger, who was playing by Lady Jones like a cat. It is now time for you to go to bed : another day, perhaps, if you are good, I may tell you about goats, and many other things which I think will amuse you very much."

"I should like to hear about them now, mamma."

"That is very likely, Lucy ; but you know, when I have told you that I shall not do a thing, I always remain firm. I said, you must now go to bed : if you go like a good girl, I shall have a great deal of pleasure in rewarding you another time by some more stories."

“Thank you, mamma ; though I should like to hear some more now, I will do as you bid me, and go to bed, and then you will tell me some more, I hope, to-morrow. Mamma, I shall not forget what you have told me. I shall remember it, that I may tell George, when he comes home. I am sure he will be pleased to hear about all that you have told me. But as I must go to bed now, I cannot tell him till he comes home again, because he goes to his aunt’s to-morrow-morning. I wish he was not going.”

“ Good night, Lucy.”

“ Good night, mamma ; I will try to be a good girl.”

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Lucy's mamma was very much engaged for some time with company who were to stay with her, and though she frequently saw the children, she had not an opportunity to have them so much with her, or to converse with them, as she always did when she could with convenience. But Lucy did not forget the pretty stories her mother had told her: when George came home, she endeavoured to tell him as much as she could about the tigers and crocodiles, and that her mamma had promised her to tell her a great deal about goats. "I wish the long winter evenings would come, George, that we might hear mamma read. Do not you?" "Yes," said George, "I

shall enjoy that very much, Lucy; but when winter comes, we cannot work in our garden, as we do now. There will be snow and ice, and boys slide and skate. I should like to skate best; but papa says I must learn to slide first, and then Alfred will teach me to skate."

"Will you like that better than working in the garden?"

"Yes," said George, "I shall like it, because it is like a man to skate. In Holland, men and women skate: there is so much ice, that they skate from one town to another."

"Why, who told you so, George? I am sure women do not skate."

“ I know they do, Lucy, for papa told me so.”

“ Then I should not like to live in Holland. I like warm weather best, when you can help me in my garden ; but when winter comes, and Louisa says winter will soon be here, I shall have nobody to play with me whilst you are gone to skate, and the snow and ice will spoil our garden.”

“ Oh no, they will not, Lucy. When the snow is melted, and spring comes, the plants will begin to bud and look green, and the crocuses and snowdrops will peep their little heads out of the ground.”

“ I shall be glad of that, George, for then mamma said, my brothers should go in the back lane and get

us some primroses and periwinkles. But I wonder what I shall do when you are gone out to slide: I shall be so dull."

"Why, Lucy, you must ask Louisa to dress your dolls and read to you, and show you some pictures. I dare say mamma will lend you one of those picture-books she keeps on purpose for us to look at when we are good. Robert and I are going to buy a paint-box, and then we shall paint our pictures.

"Robert can cut out a great many things—horses, tigers, elephants, and birds; and then we shall paint them, and make them stand on the table. Robert can cut out so nicely: I wish I could. I have

tried, but I cannot manage it. However, I can paint them."

"So will I, George, if you will show me how: I should like to learn to paint."

"But how will you know, Lucy, of what colours to paint the pictures?"

"Will you not tell me, George?"

"But you do not remember that you have not got any pictures, Lucy."

"But I can get some. I know, if I am good, mamma will give me some, as well as you. What pictures are you and Robert going to paint?"

"Why, when I was at my aunt's, she gave me some."

"Well, I have got some money,



George, and I can buy some myself."

"But I thought you had bought a book. You have not any more money, have you, Lucy?"

"No, but I do not like that book—I am tired of it. Mamma paid for it, but I am to pay her again."

"Then you cannot pay for that and buy pictures too."

"I forgot that. I wish I had not chosen that silly book: it says a great deal that I am sure is not true. Dogs cannot dance; can they, George? It says in the book that a dog danced."

"Yes, they can, Lucy; I saw some dogs once with petticoats on, and a

bear—a great bear which a man led, and another man played on the fiddle and made the dogs dance; and when they had finished, a woman went to all the windows in the street, and held a hat for the people to give her money. But my aunt told me it was very cruel, for the poor dogs were beat and almost starved to make them do it: they dance on their hind legs.”

“How that must tire them, George.”

“Yes, I suppose it must, Lucy. When I heard how badly they were used, I did not like to see them; but before my aunt told me so, I laughed so to see how droll the dogs looked with their little petticoats; one blue and red, and one yellow.”

“ I am glad I did not see them, if it is so cruel. If the poor dogs had not been treated so, I should have liked to have seen them very much indeed.—The evenings are long now, shall we ask mamma to tell us about the goats to-night? I wonder whether mamma will have time to-night.”

“ I hope she will,” said George.

Away ran Lucy and George, to ask their mother whether she was at liberty to fulfil her promise of telling them something of the natural history of goats, to which she willingly agreed; and when the tea-things were taken away, their mother, with all the elder children, and Lucy and George, sat round a cheerful fire, and their mother told

them all she could, to amuse and instruct them.

“Goats are a very lively animal. I need not describe the form to you, as I believe you have all seen a goat.”

“Oh, yes, mamma,” said Robert, “I have often seen them in stables: it is very common to keep them there; but I never knew why they kept them with horses.”

“I have understood, my dear, that, from their very strong smell, they are thought beneficial to prevent any infectious disease from spreading amongst the horses; and that it is reckoned wholesome for horses to be near the smell of goats. Goats are fond of mountainous countries: they have a great agility

in climbing and descending the frightful precipices. There are many species of goats. The goats of Wales are esteemed for the advantages they afford. The milk is extremely nourishing: the flesh is much esteemed: they salt it and dry it to make hams. The skin of the young goat, which is called kid, is the best we have for women's gloves: the long hair is used for making fine white wigs."

"Do they catch the goats, mamma?" said Lucy.

"The Welsh goats are not difficult to tame, and therefore many are kept in a tame state, for the sake of their milk; but the goat, in some countries, affords a dangerous sport to the huntsmen,

who hide themselves behind the rocks, or in caverns, and shoot them. The chamois goat has such an acute sense of hearing and smelling, that if the wind blows from the huntsman towards the goat, he seldom can gain his prey ; but he endeavours so to place himself, that it may blow from the goat towards him, which prevents the goat from hearing him, and blows the smell of him away from the goat. 'There is a goat which is found in Barbary, which is scarcely to be caught without the assistance of a falcon.'

“What is a falcon, mamma?”

“A falcon is a strong bird, of the hawk kind. The Arab gets on a very swift horse, and holds the falcon in his hand, which is trained

for the purpose, I suppose. As soon as he sees a goat, he lets the bird fly, which flies straight to the goat, and darts upon him, fixing one of his talons on the cheek, and the other on the throat of the animal, which he holds till the huntsman comes up and cuts the throat of the goat; permitting the falcon to suck his blood, which encourages him to attack goats in the same manner another time. And I now recollect, that they put a young falcon to the throat of the dying goat, which is the means they take to bring him up to the sport."

"Do you think it sport, mamma," said Robert, "to kill poor animals, and to teach falcons to do so?"

"No, my dear, I think it ex-

tremely wrong ever to kill animals for our own amusement: indeed, far from giving me pleasure, it would cause me great pain to be obliged to do it for any purpose. But I am sorry to say there are many people who consider it a great entertainment. I believe we are quite permitted to take the life of an animal when it can be rendered useful by doing so; but I think it should be done in as easy a manner as possible. The goat that we last spoke of has a remarkable pleasure in the smell of the smoke of tobacco, and when caught alive, though extremely timid, will be attracted by the pipe of the Arab."

"What is an Arab, mamma?"

"An Arab is a native of Arabia,



in Asia, where this species of goat is found wild. The hair of the Angora goat, in Asiatic Turkey, is extremely beautiful. I remember seeing one in Sir Ashton Lever's museum, which was stuffed, and was then in good preservation. The hair is curled in locks of eight or nine inches long: it is as soft as silk, and of a shining, silvery whiteness. It is spun into thread and sent to England, and is found very useful in the manufacture of fine camblet stuffs."

"But why do they send it ready spun?" said Robert.

"Because the Turks will not permit it to be sent in its natural state, as a great many of the poor

people are employed in spinning it. Though they can spin it, it is very likely they could not manufacture it as well as we do. These goats are kept in flocks, and the men who attend them are called goat-herds. They are extremely careful of them, and often wash and comb their hair to keep it nice. It has been tried to take goats from thence and breed them in other places; but it is not found to succeed, as the change of climate and food caused them soon to lose their beauty."

"Pray, mamma," said Lucy, "what do goats feed on?"

"Goats are nice in their food: they choose the tops and buds of the sweetest plants, which is one rea-

son that their milk is so nourishing; the tender bark of young trees is also a favourite with them. The chamois goat inhabits the Alps, which are very high mountains, almost always covered with snow, and is so accustomed to cold, that when warm weather comes, he retires to that side of the mountains which is towards the North, and seldom goes out to feed but of a morning and evening. They generally go in flocks, and if one perceives an enemy, he begins to make a hissing noise, which he increases as he finds that he is really in danger, to such a degree, that it may be heard at a great distance.—It is now time to break up our party

for to-night, and I hope, my dears, you have been amused with these few particulars of an animal which is of great use to us."

"Oh, yes, mamma," said Robert, "we are very much pleased, and shall be glad to hear some more another time. I like to hear stories and reading very much indeed."

"Not quite so well as play, I think, Robert?"

"No, not quite so well. I do like playing about; but I like reading too."

"That is like a good boy.—Now, Louisa, go up with my little Lucy, and let her go to bed; and tell nurse she has been very atten-

tive, and a very good girl. And what are you going to do, Alfred and Robert?"

"Mamma, Alfred has made a fox and goose board, and we are trying to learn to pound the fox."

"Well, I have no objection to it, as a change of employment; but I do not approve of spending a great deal of time in such useless amusements."

"To be sure," said Alfred, "there is no use in it; but it entertains us, and it was an employment to me to make the board."

"I think you might try to make a travelling map, which would be instructive as well as amusing."

"I should like to make one, ex-

tremely, mamma ; but I am afraid I shall not be able."

" Never despair, my dear : with a little assistance, I think you will get through it. Nothing can be effected without taking a great deal of pains. George thought he should never learn to skip, but by many trials he has succeeded capitally."

George and Alfred played at fox and geese till George grew tired of being beaten, and began to be discontented. His mamma, seeing that he would soon lose his good humour, desired they would leave off, and choose some other amusement. " This is one of the evils of all sorts of games ; people are so earnest to win, that when they

lose, they grow angry and quarrel ; when a different employment might have made each party happy. They were now at a loss for something to do. After taking some minutes to consider, Alfred got up and looked for a map of the world, as a copy ; he then fetched paper, pasteboard, and his box of tools, intending to try whether he could not make a joining map of the world, by which he might teach his younger brothers and sisters the situation of different countries. He first took a sheet of oiled paper, and drew the outline very exactly ; he then cut out every large division, and afterwards, by putting them on the pasteboard, was able first to draw, and then cut them out with

a sharp knife. This took up so much time, that he did not get further that night. Being very eager to finish his work, he rose early next morning, and got all his materials about him. The little ones were no sooner down stairs, than they asked many questions, what he was doing, and what these pieces of paste-board were for. He told them, to make a map.

“ But,” said Lucy, “ I do not know what a map is.”

“ I will try to explain it to you, my dear: it is a representation of a country, only very small, and shows where the cities and rivers, and mountains, which are in it, are situated. Suppose I were going to draw a map of the garden, I should



make a small mark for the summer-house on this side, and draw the shape of the grass-plat, with the walks round it, and make a line across it for the paddock. A stranger, by looking on this map, would have a good notion of our garden, though the map differs from a picture."

"I understand you," said Lucy: "he would know that our playground faced the terrace, and that the green-house was on the same side. Now you have told me what a map is, pray show me what country that is in your hand."

"This is Asia, where the people have very swarthy complexions, and long, black hair. They live chiefly on rice, and are extremely

mild and good-natured; but the great heat of the climate makes them idle, so that they seldom work so hard as the labourers do in England; some of the men weave muslin, and to avoid the scorching sun, they fix their loom in a banian grove, under the shade of a tree, the branches of which bear down to the ground, and form other trees: thus from one root a whole grove is formed. Amongst these trees sport the most beautiful peacocks, and other birds of the gayest colours; and vast numbers of monkeys live on the branches, chattering and making all manner of antics; often jumping from bough to bough, with their young ones in their arms."

“ Oh!” said Lucy, “ how I should like to see all these things! But pray, Alfred, how came you to know so much about foreign countries? you never went over the sea.”

“ I learned them from books,” said Alfred: “ when you can read well enough to understand what you read, mamma will give you several entertaining books, which will tell you a great deal more than I can.”

“ Ah,” replied she, “ that will be a long time to come.”—Here her mother entered, and summoned them all to breakfast, which put an end to the conversation.

THE END.









